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THE RENEGADE.

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The nuns made every preparation for their speedy departure. On litters borne by the villagers of the neighbouring country, the wounded knights were silently conveyed from the abbey. Favoured by night, the mournful retinue reached its destination without interruption. The Prince of Avernes, following the directions of Goudair, found his companions in arms assembled in the forest. The soldiers with transport rallied round their chief, and Leodat, taking a northerly direction, continued his course. The nuns of St. Amelberge soon reached the cavern to which Goudair had directed them. This gloomy retreat, the terror of the vulgar, was, according to tradition, inhabited by powers hostile to man. For many years no human foot had pressed the heath that grew before its entrance; and from the extraordinary events of which the cavern was said to have been the scene, it was named the *miraculous grotto*.

The sun had not yet risen, when suddenly, at the extremity of the cavern, a ray of light glimmered between the clefts of the rock. An enormous piece of stone, forming a kind of door, supported by imperceptible hinges, slowly moved, and an old man, like a necromancer of tradition, holding a lighted lamp in his hand, advanced towards the Princess. The trembling sisters uttered the shriek of terror; but Ezilda, approaching the apparition, recognized the Prophet of the Black Mountain. "Time is precious, (exclaimed Goudair) fear nothing, and follow me." The old man was immediately obeyed. By a secret passage he conducted the Princess and the nuns of Amelberge to an adjoining cavern, and the turning stone was immediately closed behind them. "Remain here, (said Goudair, setting down his lamp on a heap of calcareous stones.) You are now in safety. No enemy can molest you. There are three roads before you: that on the right leads to the cataract, and cannot be passed without danger; that on the left leads to a castle occupied by the Saracens; and that in the middle, which penetrates to the centre of the earth, is perfectly inaccessible." With these words, he lighted a few of the lamps with which the nuns were provided, and withdrew from the miraculous grotto.

Composed and undismayed, the Princess conversed with her companions. She pointed out to them the wonders of their subterraneous palace, and called their attention to the sublime horrors of the volcanic eruptions of past ages. As the breath of terror is contagious, and infects all within its reach, so courage is an electric flame which vivifies all that it approaches. Inspired by the Princess, the nuns speedily recovered their tranquillity, and the day was concluded in prayer.

Four and twenty hours had elapsed, and Goudair had not yet returned. Perhaps, thought Ezilda, the old man has been captured by the infidels. What then might be the fate of the unfortunate captives?—Deprived of nourishment, oppressed by the insalubrity of the air, their strength gradually failed, and they sunk into profound sleep. The Princess, wholly occupied with the fate of her companions, was incapable of enjoying repose. "The middle passage, (said she, turning to look at the three subterraneous alleys,) that which Goudair supposed to be inaccessible, may

perhaps be the path of safety. Holy sisters, rest in peace—may Heaven inspire and guide me!" and taking one of the lamps which Goudair had left burning, she proceeded to explore the unknown tract. For a considerable distance the path continued to descend; but the Princess at length arrived at a kind of staircase, which turning to the left, changed the direction of her course. At every step the road became more and more dangerous, and was intersected by detached masses of rock. On every side the horrors of death appeared multiplied in a thousand various forms. The Princess advanced with hasty steps. The rolling of the torrent, which in the miraculous grotto resounded like thunder, now produced only a gentle murmur. A few traces of vegetation, which were perceptible between the masses of stone, a few pale and languid plants, seemed to indicate that the gloomy recess was occasionally visited by light and air. She advanced; a refreshing breeze, like the breath of life, penetrated the abode of death. The Princess at length approached the mouth of the cavern, and issuing from the abyss of ruin, arrived in white and veiled, she appeared like a spirit of the grave, like a fantastic creation of darkness and chaos.

While Ezilda rapturously inhaled the pure and refreshing atmosphere, she cast a glance of astonishment around her. She found herself transported into a delicious garden, in the centre of which appeared a grove of myrtle and orange trees. On every side statues of marble were interspersed among the foliage. A limpid fountain rose from a basin of the finest granite; and odoriferous flowers bloomed in vases of rare porphyry. The Princess, who fancied herself wandering on fairy land, perceived at the extremity of an alley of trees, a colonnade magnificently illuminated. It was a building of oriental architecture attached to a spacious edifice. Ezilda approached the pavilion, the interior of which was decorated with rich draperies and wreaths of flowers. Within the Moorish temple* a young female of exquisite beauty was seated, on cushions of azure fringed with gold. Her countenance was melancholy and dejected, and her fine eyes were suffused with tears. The Odalisk was alone, and her fingers running over the strings of a lute, drew forth plaintive strains of melody.

Ezilda uttered an exclamation of surprise. Pale, attired in white, and no less mysterious than beautiful, she presented herself to the eyes of the Odalisk, who, dazzled by the charms of her unknown visitor, and half bewildered by sorrow, imagined that she beheld before her the beloved of the great prophet descended from the immortal palace of the houris.—Throwing herself on her knees before Ezilda, "White rose of Sulrah, (she exclaimed) sovereign virgin of the river of life! have my tears at length moved thy pity? Hast thou come to restore me to hope?"—"Alas! unhappy lady, (replied Ezilda) I am but a feeble mortal like yourself, and have no power to relieve your sorrow."—The Odalisk recovered her senses, and looking steadfastly at the Princess, "Unknown mortal (she exclaimed) what brings you hither?—whom do you seek here? do you know the lord of this palace?"—"I know him not, replied Ezilda . . . . he is perhaps Agobar."—"Stop, (interrupted the Odalisk) pronounce not his name. Incomparable beauty, do you know him?—have you seen him?"—"The Mussulman chief (replied Ezilda), is a stranger to me. I have seen him only once."—"Once, (exclaimed the beautiful Arab) a moment is sufficient to render him beloved for ever. His first glance decided the fate of my existence . . . . But your countenance bespeaks benevolence and sensibility, (continued the Odalisk.) You inspire me with confidence. Sit down, and I will un-

* At the period here alluded to, the Moors had at various times invaded Gallia Narbonensis, where they had erected splendid palaces.

fold to you the sorrows of the ill-fated Zarela." The Princess, deeply moved, complied with her request, and the Odalisk spoke as follows:—

"I am the daughter of the King of Hadramut, and I was born on the fertile shore of the gulph of Arabia. I advanced in life, surrounded by all the luxuries of the East—I enjoyed in anticipation, the prospect of future happiness and glory; but, alas, how vain were my dreams of felicity! A sanguinary war broke out between my father and the King of the Troglodites. The cruel Meroe, followed by an army which he had raised on the banks of the Astapus, crossed the gulph which separated our states from his. He entered our territory in triumph, and my defenceless family, captured by the conqueror, were reduced to slavery.

"A pirate of Nubia had furnished vessels for conveying the troops of Meroe across the gulph; and I was included among the presents which the grateful conqueror tendered to him. For several weeks a violent fever deprived me of my reason. On recovering, I found that I had crossed the sea, and had been landed in Gaul, whither the savage Ethiopian had transported his slaves. I learned, that being destined for the seraglio of some Saracen Emir or grandee of Iberia, I was, as soon as my health should be sufficiently restored, to be presented to the celebrated hero, the redoubtable conqueror Agobar.

"I prayed for death, but my prayers were unavailing. By degrees my strength was restored, and I was accounted the most beautiful of all the captives of the Bazaar. Every day I heard my companions extol the achievements of the immorted Agobar; all hoped for the happiness of being chosen by the hero. At length the triumphant chief entered the province in which the pirate of Nubia had fixed his temporary abode; and at the invitation of the Ethiopian, he visited the Bazaar. The daughter of a line of kings was now a miserable slave. At this terrible thought, a torrent of tears suffused my cheeks; and when conducted to the presence of the hero, a cloud of darkness seemed to overwhelm me, and I was on the point of sinking to the earth. The cruel African, tearing aside the veil that concealed my features, appeared irritated by my grief; but the heart of Agobar was moved. His last words to the mercenary pirate still resound in my ears: 'Two thousand sequins!—they are your's.' Then turning to me—'Fair slave, (he said) you are free.'—'Free!' I repeated with amazement, and for the first time I ventured to raise my eyes to the Saracen chief. I trembled; his calm aspect deeply interested me. The beauty of his countenance equalled the dignity of his deportment. In a transport of gratitude, admiration, and I may say of love, I threw myself at the feet of my deliverer. I endeavoured to express my sentiments; but my soul was painted in my looks, and he could not mistake the transports of a rising passion. His countenance became clouded with anger, and in a harsh tone he exclaimed, 'Young Arab, you have now no master; but if your heart be grateful, never again appear before me.'

"I remained mute and petrified. Agobar withdrew. He had said I was free; but, alas! my real captivity was now only beginning. I was the slave of tyrannic love; and from that fatal moment peace has been a stranger to my bosom. Far from availing myself of my freedom to return to my native home, I followed the footsteps of the conqueror. On several occasions I ventured to appear in his presence, and I was continually repulsed with contempt or anger. At length, braving all his threats, I gained access to this castle, which is at present the residence of the conqueror. 'Agobar, (I exclaimed) in mercy unsheath your cimeter, and deprive me of life. Without Agobar what is the world—what is even heaven to Zarela!—Despise my charms, disdain my love; but at least, if you refuse to rid me of a wretched life, let me, as the slave of

your slaves, accompany you in your career of glory, so that amidst the throng that surrounds you, I may sometimes raise my eyes to gaze on you.' But how vain were my entreaties! Agobar called his guards; and addressing himself to Franguestin, the leader of his Janissaries—'This slave is yours (he said); to-morrow you may convey her to your harem. She is fair; receive her as the gift of your chief.'

"Can there be a more wretched lot than that which I am doomed to suffer? (pursued the Odalisk.) Franguestin sets out this night on a warlike expedition; I am in his power, and to morrow —— But no, there shall be no to-morrow for Zareia—and this prison——" "Hold! (exclaimed Ezilda, as the wretched captive was about to raise the poisoned draught to her lips) —you shall not die—you shall not be the slave of Franguestin. Where is Agobar?"—"This pavilion, (replied the astonished Zareia) adjoins the castle which he now inhabits. The door opens to the gallery leading to his apartments. But, stranger, what is your purpose?"—"Fear not, (said Ezilda) Heaven will protect me; and on my return we will together fly this hated spot." In spite of the remonstrances of Zareia, who was unable to guess her extraordinary design, the Princess opened the door, and proceeded along a narrow passage feebly lighted, which led to the apartments of Agobar.

(To be continued.)

JOHN RENNIE, ESQ. F.R.S.

This gentleman, so justly celebrated for the splendid public works which have been at various times erected under his superintendance, was born June 7th, 1761, at the small village of Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland, and was the youngest of a family of several children. He had the misfortune to be deprived of his father at a very early age, when his elder brother George, in conjunction with his mother, undertook the education of the younger branches of the family.

He received the rudiments of learning at a neighbouring village-school, where the famous algebraist, Mr. Peter Nicholson, was also educated; neither of these sons of science, however, owed much to their first teacher,—reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, being only taught at his school. The house adjoining Mr. Rennie's farm was for some time occupied by Mr. Andrew Meickle*, an ingenious millwright, no less esteemed for his talents than respected for his candour and private worth. Mr. M. had long been connected with the family of the Rennies, and by way of evincing his respect for them, undertook to teach young Rennie his profession. He remained with him six years, during which time he became complete master of the business, as far as regarded the construction of mill-works. He assiduously devoted himself to his art, and, as modelling was taught by Mr. Meickle, he was seldom without a model of a wheel in his pocket.

Mr. Rennie having acquired considerable proficiency, quitted Mr. Meickle, and commenced business as a master millwright in Scotland; but ambition and perseverance being the leading features of his character, he soon perceived that the occupation of a millwright in that country was far from affording lucrative prospects.

About this period (1785) Mr. Watt had just begun to apply the steam-engine to mill-work, and the Albion mill, at Blackfriars Bridge, was projected. Mr. Rennie accordingly applied to Messrs. Bolton and Watt for employment, which he obtained at the fixed salary of a guinea per week. The Albion mill was soon afterwards

* Mr. Meickle has made several important improvements in the construction of water-wheels, and has brought the art to considerable perfection. Mr. Meickle was at that time one of the first practical millwrights in England. His work was executed with great accuracy, so that at an early age Mr. Rennie could not have had a better tutor.

undertaken, and Mr. Rennie's department was to manage the mill and grinding part, neither of which Mr. Watt or any of his assistants perfectly understood. Mr. Rennie's attention and integrity gave great satisfaction to his employers, and the Albion mill being completed, he continued to superintend and put the whole in order. The machinery of Whitbread's brewhouse was soon after constructed under Mr. Rennie's directions, and an opening thus presented for him to commence business on his own account. About this time, Mr. Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, died, and left a chasm in that department of science; and a more favourable combination of circumstances for Mr. Rennie's establishment could not have presented itself. A new power for moving machines had just then been invented, and Mr. Rennie was protected by, and connected with, the inventor and patentee. He was next noticed by Mr. Robert Grazer, the projector of many useful works, who introduced him to the canal business, and made him thoroughly acquainted with the methods of carrying bills for canals and bridges through parliament.

From the year 1791 to the day of his death, Mr. Rennie was at the head of the list of civil engineers, and became connected with every undertaking of magnitude,—canals, bridges, harbours, wet docks, and machines of every description, were executed under his direction, and at the same time he employed several workmen as an executive millwright. The Bell Rock Light House, on the same plan as that on the Eddystone Rocks, constructed by Smeaton, may, perhaps, be considered as the masterpiece of his great genius. Among his public works, the Breakwater at Plymouth, Ramsgate Harbour, the London Docks, and the Waterloo and Southwark Bridges, will not hastily be forgotten; but they form only small part of his numerous undertakings. His indefatigable industry is almost without parallel, and on going to France for a short time, in 1816, he declared it to be the first relaxation he had taken for nearly thirty years. His habits of business were very early; he frequently made appointments at five o'clock in the morning, and was incessantly occupied till nearly nine at night, and frequently later. In the estimates of his work he was often too low; but in the execution of them he spared no expense which might add to their solidity and durability. He never occupied himself in literature, and consequently has left no record of his talents as an author; neither had he any of those failings so frequently attendant on great genius. *Order, regularity, and real business*, were alike his maxims and practice; by them his success became unprecedented, and he accumulated a considerable fortune. He excelled particularly in the management of those he employed, by which he was both obeyed as a master, and respected as a superior.

This eminent and highly useful individual died, after a long illness, at his house in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, October, 1821.

The death of Mr. Rennie is a national calamity. His loss cannot be adequately supplied by any living artist, for though we have many able engineers, we know of none who so eminently possess solidity of judgment with profound knowledge, and the happy tract of applying to every situation, where he was called upon to exert his faculties, the precise form of remedy that was wanting to the existing evil. Whether it was to stem the torrent and violence of the most boisterous sea; to make new harbours, or to render those safe which were before dangerous and inaccessible—to redeem districts of fruitful land from encroachment by the ocean, or to deliver them from the pestilence of stagnant marsh—to level hills, or to tie them together by aqueducts or arches, or by embankment to raise the valley between them—to make bridges that for beauty surpass all others, and for strength seem destined to endure to the latest posterity—Mr. Rennie had no rival.

Every part of the United Kingdom

possesses monuments of his glory, and they are as stupendous as they are useful. They will present to our children's children objects of admiration for their grandeur, and of gratitude to the author of their utility.

Compare the works of Mr. Rennie with the most boasted exploits of the French engineers, and remark how they tower above them. Look at the Breakwater at Plymouth, in comparison with the Cassoons at Cherburg; any one of his canals with that of Ourke, and his Waterloo Bridge with that of Neuilly. Their superiority is acknowledged by every liberal Frenchman.

He cultivated his art with the most enthusiastic ardour; and, instead of being merely a theorist, he prepared himself for practical efficiency by visiting, and minutely inspecting, every work of magnitude in every country that bore similitude with those which he might be called on to construct; and his library abounded in a richer collection of scientific writings than that of almost any individual.

The loss of such a man is irreparable. Cut off in the full vigour of his mind, his death seems to suspend for a time the march of national improvement, until the just fame of his merit shall animate our rising artists to imitate his great example, and to prepare themselves by study and observation to overcome, as he did, the most formidable impediments to the progress of human enterprise, of industry, and of increased facility in all the arts of life.

The integrity of Mr. Rennie in the fulfilment of his labours was equal to his genius in the contrivance of his plans and machinery. He would suffer none of the modern subterfuges for real strength to be resorted to by the contractors employed to execute what he had undertaken. Every thing he did was for futurity, as well as present advantage. He had no commission on the amount of his expenditure; if he had, Mr. Rennie would have been one of the most opulent men in England, for many millions have been expended under his eye. But his glory was in the justice of his proceedings, and his enjoyment in the success of his labours.

It was only as a millwright that he engaged himself to execute the work he planned; and in this department society is indebted to him for economising the power of water, so as to give an increase of energy, by its specific gravity, to the natural fall of streams, and to make his mills equal to four-fold the produce of those which, before his time, depended solely on the impetus of the current. His mills of the greatest size work as smoothly as clock-work, and by the alternate contact of wood and iron, are less liable to the hazard of fire by friction.

TURKISH ARMY.

The following description of a Turkish Imperial army of contingents, required from the Vizirs, Pachas, or other Governors of Provinces, is written by an eye-witness:—

"The most accurate notion which can be formed of a Turkish imperial army of provincial contingent troops, if troops they deserve to be called, must be obtained by comparing them with those bands of armed pilgrims who, in days of yore, traversed Europe from various countries to St. Jago of Compostella, or our Lady of the Pillar, in Saragossa, to the holy house of Loretto, &c. &c. Beguiling and animating their march by hymns and litanies, their devotions, uninterrupted excepting when some traveller was to be stript, some village to be plundered and burnt. But instead of long trains of peregrinators, adorned with crosses and cockle-shells, the Ottoman army exhibits Mahometan monks in party coloured caps and garments, mounted, as a mark of humility, on asses, marching at the head of tumultuary columns, flourishing the flags of the prophet, and vociferating prayers and imprecations with all their might.

"Behind these appear the Delis, or select horsemen, who scour and plunder the country on every side

Then follow the Timariotes, or national cavalry, mounted on horses or mules, which they are bound to provide—but rarely indeed in any other way than at the expense of the lawful owners, who fall in their route—furnished with pack-saddles, and ropes for stirrups.

Last advance the infantry, once the glory of an Ottoman army, but now held as the meanest body in their service. Armed with guns without bayonets, with enormous horse-pistols and missy daggers, they press forward in confused crowds, raising clouds of dust, as numerous flocks of sheep hurried on by the shepherds. Behind this infantry come the topgis, or artillery, their guns dragged along by buffaloes, or by Christian slaves equally under the lash.

The rear of this strange association of barbarians of various countries, languages, and habits of life—some shouting and singing aloud, others firing off their pieces loaded with ball into the air—is closed by the commanders of different ranks, superbly apparelled, and surrounded by multitudes of insolent attendants and servants, liberally exercising their cudgels on all who do not keep a duly respectful distance from their haughty masters. Notwithstanding their brutality, yet it is under the protection of these attendants that the Greek sutlers and canteeners, the Jew furnishers of clothing, old or new, the gypsey blacksmiths, conjurors, and fortune-tellers, poultry-stealers, and, when requisite, executioners, place themselves.

No Turkish army ever takes the field without Jewish contractors and furnishers; for they supply the Spahis and Timariotes with barley for their horses, and bread-corn for the men; unless the army be to remain for some time in one position, when the surrounding country, friend or foe, is equally laid under contribution.

When on a march, the army halt for the night, and the attendants are employed to set up tents for the commanders; the bazaars, or markets, are opened in various parts of the camp. The scouring parties produce the sheep, &c. they have stolen; the gypsies open their bags of poultry, often suffocated by the sulphur burnt under the trees or roosts to bring them down; the sutlers and coffee-men display their stores and stoves; the Jews their scales for exchange of money; the soldiers sing to the sound of the lute; the seraskier or commander holds his court; the great men give and receive visits of ceremony:—but all this time no out-post, not even a sentinel, is appointed; every one lays him down to rest under the protection of that fatality in which the essence of Mussulmanism consists.

THE SUGAR MAPLE.

From "Phillips's History of Cultivated Vegetables."]

Nature, whose bounty is even greater than the wants of man, has supplied the inhabitants of the colder parts of North America, where the sugar-cane would not grow, with an excellent substitute, which affords a saccharine juice, nearly as valuable as that of the cane, and without the expense of cultivation. In the extensive forests of this country, particularly about Kentucky, and the remoter parts of Pennsylvania, is found a great number of trees of the Maple species, called the Sugar Maple, viz. the *Acer saccharinum* of Linnæus. It has been long known that sugar could be made from the juice of these trees; and as this part of America has been colonized by Europeans since sugar has become so familiar a part of the food of men, this opportunity of obtaining it was not likely to have been neglected by the settlers, who were under the necessity of obtaining it from these trees, or going without it; thus stimulated, they soon found means of procuring it from the sap of this bountiful tree, nearly equal to the finest Jamaica sugar; and they are not only able to furnish themselves amply with this valuable article, but they could, with an increase of hands, supply nearly the whole world with sugar, so abundantly do these trees

grow in that part of the world; and they are known to be the hardiest, and the most difficult to destroy, of all the trees in the immense forests of that country.

Imlay says, in his History of North America, "It is very certain, that the life of a sugar maple tree, is as long as that of an oak, or any other tree; and the more they are used with proper attention, the more plentiful and rich will be their juice to a certain age; and therefore all fear of destroying the trees is at an end."

It is a singular circumstance in the economy of those trees, that they do not appear to be injured by tapping, and it is known, that old trees produce the most, and the richest juice; and that those trees which have been used for years, are better than fresh trees.

These trees grow as tall as the common oak, and from two to three feet in diameter. They are extremely ornamental in the spring, as they put forth a beautiful white blossom before they shew a single leaf. The timber of this tree, as may be supposed, is extremely inflammable, and therefore used by the hunters and others for fire-wood, in preference to any other. The saccharine matter being so abundant in the small branches, makes them a valuable fodder for the cattle, horses, and sheep, of the first settlers, before they are able to clear the ground for cultivation. The ashes of these trees produce a great quantity of potash of the best quality. The sugar maple trees are found in such plenty in most parts of North America, that it is not uncommon to find entire woods of them, covering five or six acres in a spot; but in the forest generally, where they are interspersed with other trees, they average from thirty to fifty per acre; they grow in rich soils, and often in stony ground; and it is remarked, that the springs found in the neighbourhood of the sugar maple tree are of the purest water.

It is a general observation in North America, that, whenever they see a tree of this sort with a blackish trunk, it is a sure sign of a rich one, as the blackness proceeds from the incisions made in the bark by the pecking of the parroquet, the woodpecker, and other birds, in the season of the juice rising, which, oozing out, dribbles down its sides, and colours the bark, which in time becomes black. The sap of these trees is much sweeter than that of others that have not been previously wounded.

"The season for tapping," says Imlay, "is mostly about the middle of February, in Kentucky; but not until the latter end of the month, about Pittsburgh, the head branches of the Susquehannah and Delaware, and in the state of New York. The season continues about six weeks; and it is found to discharge most abundantly in warm sunny days that succeed frosty nights. After the sap becomes too thin and poor for the purpose of making sugar, they still continue to catch it, as it is then capable of making molasses, from which they make a pleasant kind of beer, or extract a spirit.

The process of making sugar from maple trees is mostly managed by women and children, the men seldom doing more than to tap the trees, which is done with a screw auger of three-fourths of a inch in diameter, when a spout made of elder tree is put into the hole to conduct the juice into vessels below. A moderate-sized tree will give from 20 to 30 gallons of sap, from which about six pounds of good sugar is made; but this varies according to the richness of the trees: in some instances upwards of twenty pounds of sugar has been made from the sap of a single tree, and it is observed that the saccharine quality of the juice appears to be highly improved by a careful cultivation of the tree.

The farmers in the country reduce the sap into sugar with a very simple apparatus. It is usually clarified with lime and white of eggs, or milk, and grained and clayed in the manner of the cane sugar. It is sometimes reduced into sugar by freezing; but boiling is the most expeditious method.

These trees have been planted in England since 1736.

THE STRENGTH OF PATERNAL AFFECTION.

When Heaven has implanted strong passions in the bosom of a man, it cannot bestow on him a more dangerous gift than power. Freelove was born with lively feelings, which concurred with excellent health and a robust constitution to awaken within him ardent passions, and he possessed wealth, that is the power to gratify them. He manifested at an early age a propensity to the fair sex: the indulgence of this propensity was not an amusement, but a real occupation, which habit rendered more and more indispensable to him. He was now forty years old, but to judge from his conduct, he still fancied himself a youth of twenty. For many years he had kept adding to the list of his victims. This villain nevertheless passed for a man of honour; for though he seduced innocence, parted wives from their husbands, and plunged whole families into misery, still he punctually paid all his gaming debts within twenty-four hours; and though he made not the least scruple to violate the most solemn oaths to beguile a credulous female, yet he conscientiously kept his word when he had promised to attend a party of pleasure.

It must not, however, be supposed, that Freelove was a coxcomb. A coxcomb aims only at notoriety: he, on the other hand, cared more about the pleasure than the honour of the conquest: he was inconstant, not in order to increase the number of his triumphs, but from desire for a new object. His victims were nevertheless sacrificed to a passion equally destructive with the vanity of the coxcomb; and habit had rendered him so indifferent to the means, that he did not stick at the most criminal when they promoted his designs.

He one day beheld the youthful Louisa, and all his passions were inflamed: she was a poor girl, who could not allure him by the arts of the toilet, and knew still less of those of coquetry. Her innocence and poverty were no claims to his forbearance; on the contrary, he built upon the latter his plan for her seduction.

Louisa's father had twelve children to support by the labour of his hands alone. The eldest boys indeed began to earn a little, but when the father, on returning home weary at night, came to reckon up all their earnings, he found them inadequate to their wants. At such times honest old Sanders would frequently sit absorbed in anxious thought, and he had no other consolation—to him indeed no trifling one—than that his own integrity was inherited by all his children. Hence when a day happened to have been more than usually productive, the cloud was easily dispelled from his brow, and he could make himself quite happy amidst his family.

His children all loved him dearly, and especially Louisa. She scarcely needed her virtue; for the fear of grieving a father to whom she was so tenderly attached, would have been quite sufficient to keep her in the path of duty and honour. She too was his especial favourite. Freelove employed an artful female to make her splendid offers, but she rejected them with abhorrence. With a flood of tears she complained to her father of the insult offered to poverty. He clasped her with deep emotions in his arms, and returned the more cheerful to his labour

The worth of this honest family was not wholly unnoticed by generous souls. Sanders was once summoned unexpectedly to an attorney, who informed him that he was commissioned to pay him twenty pounds a year. The old man was struck mute with astonishment. He could now send his youngest children to school, buy his daughters ribbons against the fair, and occasionally afford himself little indulgences. He thanked God with tears, and earnestly desired to express his gratitude to his benefactor. The latter was accustomed to "do good by stealth," and Sanders could not learn his name. He had no other means of lightening his full heart than

to relate his good fortune to all he knew, and to bless his modest benefactor.

This circumstance reached the ears of Freelove. He smiled contemptuously at the silly donor, who would not even receive thanks for his bounty, and resolved to profit by his folly. In a few moments he repaired, with all the paraphernalia of wealth, and the affectation of honour, to the habitation of virtuous poverty. He was received with respectful courtesy. "Honest Saunders," said he, "you have long wished to know the person who had been so happy as to alleviate your cares with part of his superfluity. You would never have learned his name, did not his heart impel him to increase tenfold the little that he has given on account of your exemplary conduct. I am the person."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the whole family shedding tears of gratitude, was prostrate at his feet. Each strove to kiss his hand, or at least the hem of his garment. He affected emotion. "Rise, my friend,' cried he, wiping his dry eyes, "I am but come to earn this touching reward." Turning to the children, he inquired the name of each, spoke to them in a strain of parental kindness, and kept a vigilant guard over his eyes, which were particularly attracted by the fair Louisa, whose tears of joy but rendered her the more beautiful.

With friendly familiarity, Freelove made minute inquiries concerning the circumstances of honest Sanders. "I clearly perceive," said he at last, "that you are still obliged to labour so hard, that your exertions are liable to undermine your health, and to deprive these good children of their excellent father. That you may have the fewer to provide for, I will take a couple of them off your hands. Let's see which we shall chuse. I will not deprive you of the boys; they are already of some assistance to you: for girls it is always most difficult to find employment. Well, it shall be two of them: they shall be kindly used,—one shall be for my mother, the other for my wife. I hope they will always behave so as to deserve your affection and my friendship." He then pitched upon Louisa and the gamest of her sisters with a view to prevent suspicion.

Sanders felt great reluctance to part with his children, who wept bitterly at the idea of leaving their father: but how could he refuse such advantageous offers? it would be like flying in the face of Providence. Freelove, moreover, promised that they should have very frequent opportunities of seeing one another. The country-seat to which he intended to take the girls was but a few miles from the town: the father might visit them in the holidays, or if the children were too anxious to wait till then to see him, Freelove would send them in his own carriage, which would reach their father's house in a few hours. The pleasing prospects which he held out to them considerably alleviated the pain of separation. Sanders impressed the name of his treacherous benefactor and that of his country seat indelibly on his memory, embraced his daughters, gave them his paternal advice, and especially exhorted them to be dutiful and obedient to their second father. The trembling girls got into the handsome carriage, and Freelove drove away with them.

He found it no difficult matter to gain their confidence by the way: they considered him already as their benefactor, and the parental tone which he assumed gave them courage. They soon began to converse familiarly with him, and expressed surprise that, at the rapid rate they went, it was so long before they reached the end of their journey. Freelove easily pacified them with the observation, that he had taken a circuit for the purpose of leaving the planter of the two sisters with his mother, whose place of abode he named, telling them that it lay a mile from the next stage. The girl was accordingly sent off in that direction with a trusty attendant. He then proceeded with Louisa to a distant estate which he had recently purchased. She was surprised at not

finding his wife there; but Freelove had none, he was a widower. The gentle, affectionate creature, whom he could not possess but by marriage, had long since fallen a victim to grief, leaving him two children, a son and a daughter, of about the same age as Louisa. His sincere affection for these children was the only virtuous sentiment that he yet cherished; for the most depraved heart resembles the copper of Siberia, which is always mixed with some particles of gold.

He assured Louisa that his wife was gone on a little excursion of pleasure, and would return in a few days. He was well aware that it would be impolitic to make an immediate assault on this virtuous girl. An adept in the arts of seduction, he began with the utmost caution to lull her innocence to sleep. The seclusion of the country offered him daily opportunities, of which he duly availed himself. His daughter lived at a great distance with an elderly aunt, and he had expressly forbidden the visits of his son.

Long was Louisa far from suspecting any snare; but Freelove's impetuosity of desire, which did not permit him to finish his part, at last removed the bandage from her eyes. She perceived the impending danger, and insisted on returning to her father. She daily repeated this request, sometimes with meekness, at others with vehemence, but all to no purpose. Freelove made her feel that she was in his power. She wept bitterly on finding herself compelled to hate and despise the supposed benefactor of her father. Necessity taught her dissimulation. Fearful of stimulating the voluptuary to violence, she now and then gave him hopes that he might conquer her virtue, and thus gained some respite.

Meanwhile her father waited with anxiety from day to day for intelligence from his daughters. No tidings arrived from them, and he became uneasy. He related his adventure first to one acquaintance, then to another, in hopes of receiving from them advice or consolation: they all significantly shrugged their shoulders. He named the gentleman to whom he had intrusted his daughters—nobody knew him: he mentioned his country seat—there was no such place. His anxiety now arose to despair. He was too miserable to pursue his usual labours, and spent his valuable time in fruitless inquiries. Fatigued, but unable to sleep, he sunk every night on his humble couch, watered his pillow with his tears, and cursed the seducer.

While Freelove was revelling in the country in the indulgence of criminal hopes, an unexpected bankruptcy in the metropolis threatened him with the loss of great part of his fortune. It was absolutely necessary, in order to save it, that he should be apprised of the danger without delay; and under these circumstances his son, Edward, believed, in spite of his father's prohibition, that he should but perform a filial duty by hastening to him. He entered quite unexpectedly, when his father was alone with Louisa. Freelove was alarmed; but soon recovering himself, he desired Louisa to retire, then heard what his son had to say, gave him directions, and afterwards acquainted him, as it were incidentally, that the young female whom he had just seen had been committed, for important reasons, by her relatives to his care; that no one was to know who she was, or whence she came; and that Edward, therefore, upon pain of his severest displeasure, was to observe the strictest silence in regard to her. Edward was accustomed to obey; but Louisa had already made a profound impression on him, and this impression her appearance at supper only served to strengthen. She spoke little, but what she did say evinced good sense and feeling. The melancholy diffused over her fair face, and expressed by her beautiful eye, completed the conquest of his heart. Edward's stolen looks confessed the sentiments which she had awakened, and she perfectly understood those looks, novice as she was in the language of his eyes.

Immediately after supper, Edward was dismissed to his chamber. He

could not sleep. Next morning he was to set out again; but he could not do that either. He took leave indeed of his father, but he concealed himself in the gamekeeper's cottage contiguous to the park, hoping that the fair stranger might walk that way, and determined, if he should be alone, to reveal his passion. He was not disappointed. Louisa always took advantage of the hour at which Freelove was accustomed to write letters, for a solitary walk. She passed sighing under the lofty elms, when all at once Edward lay at her feet. Her fright was soon succeeded by joy, by seeing before her one in whom she could confide, and to whom she could look for deliverance. She acquainted him with all that had happened; and the son listened with burning blushes to the crimination of his father.

What was he to do? to become the public accuser of his father? to leave the beautiful creature by whom he was so fascinated at his mercy?—Both seemed equally impossible. The covenant between their hearts was speedily concluded; but the only means of immediate rescue, an elopement with Edward, appeared to her indecorous: at any rate she determined not to resort to it but in the last necessity. The lovers separated with a mutual promise to consider of some expedient which should neither be disreputable, nor run counter to filial duty. In a few days Edward was to return; till then she hoped to be able to keep the importunate seducer in check: but then at all events some resolution was to be adopted, and carried into immediate execution.

In vain did both of them meanwhile puzzle their brains to devise some middle way. A fresh disaster threw a cloud over Edward's mind. A letter from his aunt requested him to convey to his father the dreadful tidings, that his daughter had gone off with a foreign nobleman. With this distressing intelligence he returned, and first saw Louisa in private, into whose bosom he poured his new sorrows. At this information, a lucky thought flash across her mind. She begged Edward to give her the letter from his aunt, and to remain for a short time where he was. She then hasted to Freelove, acquainted him with his son's arrival, and delivered to him the open letter. He read it, and was overwhelmed. "My daughter!" he exclaimed, "my beloved child! my honour! my everything!" He then sunk upon a sofa in silent despair, while big tears coursed down his cheeks. Louisa threw herself at his feet. "What you now feel for your daughter," said she, sobbing, "my poor father has been suffering for weeks on my account. Need I say more to move your heart at this moment?"

No;—she had seized the right moment: her words penetrated his heart, softened as it was by parental affection and parental anguish. He raised her from the ground, soliciting her forgiveness, and soon restored her to the arms of the disconsolate Sandey, whom grief had confined to a sick bed. There, surrounded by the weeping family, he penitently acknowledged the villanous design which he had formed, but happily not accomplished. The transported father clasped his recovered child to his bosom: Edward made amends for their sufferings by conducting Louisa to the altar; and Freelove strove, by contributing to the happiness of his new and worthy daughter, to forget one who had rendered herself unworthy of his affection.

THE OLD WHITE HAT—AND THE OLD GREY MARE.

Frank Chilvers was a younger son of that respectable family, which has for many ages been settled at Fordham, in Nottinghamshire; and as he objected, upon those peculiar and fastidious notions which formed his character, to the army, navy, and church, all of which had been submitted to his adoption with reasonable prospects of advancement, his parents gave him his portion, which was not inconsiderable, and, at his own request, left him to select his own occu-

pation and mode of life. His first speculation was to establish a brewery in the country, upon the novel principle of consuming malt and hops, and excluding quassia, coculus indicus, "poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrops of the East;" but the knowing rustics did not understand being defrauded of their full allowance. They had been accustomed to a clammy, warming, soporific compound, and they did not comprehend why a gentleman's son should come into the place and introduce a new liquor, not half so comforting and drowsy as the old. He calmly assured them, that it was no new liquor of his invention, but of the very same quality with that barley wine which Xenophon brewed and gave to his troops, in the memorable retreat of the ten thousand. But they shook their heads; tapped their foreheads to one another, to insinuate that his wits were not quite right; and as no one would venture upon a beverage brewed by a madman, he sold off his stock and his business, retiring from the concoction of Utopian beer, with about half the property he had embarked in the concern. He made a bad pun upon the occasion, which was one of his inveterate habits, and thought no more of his loss.

Virgil's well known line, "O fortunatæ Agricolæ," &c. determined his next choice, which was the occupation of a farmer; almost the only one, he observed, in which a man can honourably and independently maintain himself by contributing to the support of others. The latter part of this opinion he exemplified more practically than the former; for as he was quite certain that his labourers could not exist upon the common wages, he instantly doubled them; and as, in many instances, he was aware that his customers could not afford to pay the regular price for his produce, he sold it under the market rate; both which modes of farming, co-operating with the bad times, eventually impoverished him, and procured him, from those who had benefited by his ruin, the title of the silly gentleman-farmer. Various were the methods to which he now had recourse for his maintenance, for he disdained all application to friends or relations. At one time he was an usher; at another he supported himself, like Rousseau, by copying music, in which he was a proficient; now he translated for the booksellers; and for some time he was in the situation of a banker's clerk. It were useless to recapitulate the manifold employments in which he was engaged, or the variform difficulties he had to encounter; but it is not useless to record, that in all his trials he invariably preserved the same philosophical equanimity, nor ever suffered his reiterated disappointments to cool his philanthropic ardour, or diminish his favourable opinion of mankind. Many men, of restless and enquiring minds, are perpetually running backwards and forwards, between the past and the future, those two impassable boundaries of human knowledge; and in their inability to escape from this narrow range, content themselves, like the squirrel in his cage, with repeating the unprofitable rotations, which afford exercise to their faculties, without advancing their progress a single step. Chilvers built up the level of his mind, and prevented himself from sinking into the slough of despond, by drawing materials from those two terminal mounds; making the past contribute its rich store of historic and poetical recollections, and extracting from the future those sweet and soothing assurances, of whose truth he found daily a delicious confirmation in the beauty, accordance, and benevolent ordinations of nature. Thus he lived on, often in great poverty, but never discontented with his lot, until nearly his sixtieth year, when the death of an old bachelor cousin suddenly placed him in a state of actual independance, and comparative affluence. He immediately quitted London, and retired to C—— Row, a village about eleven miles distant from the metropolis, where he purchased a beautiful cottage, and where the writer of this

memoir first had the happiness of his acquaintance.

A natural modesty, and the perfect content he found in his own reflections and occupations, gave him a disposition to segregate himself from that class of formal and heartless visitors, whose invasions of your house originate in curiosity, and are continued by ceremony; but as the world, however little disposed to liberality upon other occasions, is seldom deficient in magnifying any sudden accession of fortune, and had exhibited its usual power of multiplication in the present instance, he found it somewhat difficult to repress the eager advances of his neighbours, when they had regularly ascertained that Mr. Jackson, the rich city grocer, had sanctioned the visits, by first leaving his card. A blind, stupid, and crawling deference to wealth, if it be not peculiar to the English nation, certainly attains its maximum of intensity among those idolatrous worshippers of the golden calf; of which the reader may be convinced, if he will walk along Cheapside with any civic Crœsus and observe the sycophantic homage and cringing servility with which he will be saluted. Let him travel with such a man in any part of the island, and as he clatters into a country town with his outriders and gay equipage, contemplate the awestruck look of the natives, and the fawning alacrity of hosts, hostlers, and waiters, and he will not be surprised that Mr. Jackson, with three stars at the India-house, and the best portion of a plum in bank stock, should be deemed a little monarch in his own village. Nobody rode in such a gorgeous equipage; and when he went to church to abjure pomps and vanities, nobody's servant followed, with a gilt prayer-book, in a finer livery or more flaming shoulder knot: of course, nothing could be so proper to decide, whether the philosophic Chilvers was a visitable person or not. Miss Biggs, an elderly maiden relation, and an inmate in the family, decided this important question in his favour; which it was very near being negatived, by declaring, that his being undoubtedly a person of property was quite sufficient: that she dared to say, he was a very good sort of man, in spite of his little oddities: and that, in her opinion, he ought to be visited even in spite of his old white hat.

Chilvers was so elemental in his views, as generally to overlook all conventional modes and forms; and thus, without affectation of singularity, he often fell into somewhat grotesque peculiarities. One summer he purchased a white hat, and once ventured to tie it down under his chin, on account of his face-ache. The ridicule and laughter of the rustics first made him sensible, that he had presumed to deviate from customary fashions; but as he had felt benefit from that which he had adopted, and had a perfect contempt for vulgar and polite raillery, he adhered to his hat as religiously as a Quaker; and partly from habit, partly from obstinacy, constantly wore it, even within doors. The giggling, sneers, and whispering of the visitors, when the irruption formally broke in upon his quiet cottage, suggested to him the idea of checking their unwelcome invitations, by going to their houses in his old white hat, and giving them to understand that he never took it off. But this experiment failed. A rich man without children, or apparent relations, has too much to leave to be let alone, and cards and visits rather increased than diminished, in spite of the old white hat.

Accident, however, effected what this inseparable appendage could not accomplish. A female cousin of Chilvers, about thirty years of age, had been left a widow, with a little girl of five years old, in a state of utter destitution; and as soon as she learnt his accession of fortune, very naturally applied to him for assistance. Upon occasions of benevolence he was not in the habit of calculating appearances, or balancing surmises, so he tied down his old white hat, got into a glass coach, drove to his relation's, and in less than twelve hours from the receipt of her letter, had established her, with

her child, in his cottage, giving up his own bed-room for her use, because, as he said, young women liked to be cheerful, and from the corner window she could see all the company on the great Romford road. When the dust allowed any objects to be discerned at that distance, it is certain that a glimpse might occasionally be caught of a drove of oxen, or a cart laden with calves for Whitechapel market; but Chilvers had been told that his window commanded this great thoroughfare, and had never been at the pains to ascertain the nature of its command. Such as it was, there the widow had her habitation, her kinsman little dreaming that, in following the dictates of his kind heart, he had at last hit upon an expedient for effectually clearing his house of ceremonious, card-leaving, and card-playing annoyances.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

THE SUN-FLOWER.

BY LORD THURLOW.

Behold, my dear, this lofty flow'r,
That now the golden sun receives;
No other deity has power,
But only Phœbus, on her leaves;
As he in radiant glory burns,
From east to west her visage turns.

The dial tells no tale more true,
Than she his journal on her leaves,
When morn first gives him to her view,
Or night, that her of him bereaves,
A dismal interregnum binds
Her weeping eyes to close their lids.

Forsaken of his light, she pines
The cold, the dreary night away,
Till in the east the crimson signs
Betoken the great God of Day;
Then, lifting up her drooping face,
She sheds around a golden grace.

O, Nature, in all parts divine!
What moral sweets her leaves disclose!
Then in my verse her truth shall shine,
And be immortal as the rose,
Anacreon's plant: arise, thou flow'r,
That hast fidelity thy dow'r!

Apollo, on whose beams you gaze,
Has fill'd my breast with golden light;
And circled me with sacred rays,
To be a poet in his sight;
Then thus I give the crown to thee,
Whose impress is fidelity.

The sun shall not his journey speed
From out the oriental gate,
And paint with joy the flowery mead,
Ere I thy glory will translate:
And, what is more, Althea's kiss
With nectar shall adorn thy bliss.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

Oh! not the bright star of the evening o'ertopping
With radiance unsullied the dim azure hill,
Or the green forests far up the wide valley loping,
The gleam of the lake, or the sound of the rill,
Can tempt me at twilight to wander thus lonely,
So far from the din and the bustle of men;
But a powerful magic, that charms for me only,
Surrounds with its halo you cot in the glen!

How delightful, remote from all tumult and danger,
It were, in this valley to pass the long year,
In friendship and peace lift the latch to the stranger,
And chase off the anguish of pale sorrow's tear!

To roam out at morn, when the young sun is shining,
When birds are awake, and flocks bleat in the pen;
And to catch his last beams, with my lov'd one reclining
In the bower, by the side of yon cot in the glen.

Oh! Mary, thou know'st not how often a pleasure
In crowds thy soft image hath given to my heart!
Like the spirit that wanders beside buried treasure,
My steps ever point to the spot where thou art:

Oh! soon may the day come—if come it will ever!—
The brightest the best in futurity's ken,
When fate may ordain us no longer to sever,
Sweet girl of my heart, from the cot in the glen!

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[In South America, a constellation resembling a cross is noticed with a religious feeling by the Spaniards and Portuguese, who also observe that no other groupe of stars can serve so well for a time piece.]

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannas in boundless magnificence spread,
And, bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fern-tree waves o'er me; the fire fly's red light
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the night;
And I read, in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee as thy lode-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and, beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the lov'd land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main
My fathers unfolded the streamer of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft, in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious and awfully lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep
Reflected its brilliance, in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world,*
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurled;
E'en such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!

And to me, as I traverse the world of the west,
Through deserts of beauty, in stillness that rest,
By forests and rivers untam'd in their pride,
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on! my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes which I love, though e'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes, to mingle with thee!

* Alluding to the vision of Constantine the Great.